camp victory_maquette v5 17.11.2005 14:01 Page 1

CAMP VICTORY

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camp victory_maquette v5 17.11.2005 14:01 Page 2

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camp victory_maquette v5 17.11.2005 14:01 Page 3

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Gilles Aubry

CAMP VICTORY

PROCÈS
D'UN OPERA NOISE

camp victory_maquette v5 17.11.2005 14:01 Page 4

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8/9/2003

« Sixty days without a shower.
No real food, and minimum amounts of it.
Steaming hot days in the desert and cold, sleepless nights watching for enemy attack.
The constant reality that your life could end at any moment. »

That's only part of what Pfc. Randy Van Cleef endured while serving his country as a member of the U.S. Marines 3rd Expeditionary Brigade in Iraq. Pfc. Van Cleef recently enjoyed a safe and happy homecoming, but he returned to his Millstone River Road home a changed young man. «It's more serious around here», Pfc. Van Cleef said last week while spending a quiet day with his family at home. «I'll joke around, but I still don't really sleep that good.» A year ago, Pfc. Van Cleef was still preparing for basic training. He had graduated from Hillsborough High School in June, and like most other 18-year-olds, liked to hang out and joke with his friends. To say his life has become more serious is a classic understatement. Now 19, Pfc. Van Cleef has just experienced something few can explain and even fewer can understand. […] Pfc. Van Cleef feels fortunate that he survived the heavy combat. His unit lost 23 men. There were Marines killed next to him in the line of fire. «There was always somebody shooting at somebody or somebody shooting at you», he said. «There were bombs, rocket, gunfire… people dead in the street». […] «We just went by how some of the older guys reacted», Pfc. Van Cleef said. «We just got right out of school. We had no idea what to expect. Things just pop up in front of you so fast, you don't really realize what happened until it's over», he said. «They're always on top of you to be ready for anything. You have to have your top-notch training».
Pfc. Van Cleef will continue his military career with by returning to Camp Lejeune, where he'll be transferred to the 4th Marine Expeditionary Brigade. That unit will work as an anti-terrorism battalion with possible deployment to Afghanistan, Cuba or Africa. After enduring those brutal months defending his country in Iraq, Randy Van Cleef is ready for anything.

7/7/2003
New US motto in Iraq: 'watch your back'

Baghdad - Watch your back, watch where their hands go, don't trust them if they look nervous. Don't trust them if they won't look you in the eyes, if they approach you suddenly, or come up and talk to you just for a minute, counsels specialist David Decker. Keep your eyes on the rooftops, speeding cars, everyone in the crowd.
«Baghdad is a city where four million people love you and five percent wish you dead», Decker, from the Military Police, said on Monday after three soldiers were killed in less than 24 hours.
Decker leaned against a street wall, a healthy distance from Iraqis strolling up the sidewalk in the Azamiyah neighborhood, where Saddam Hussein supposedly made his last public appearance April 9 before his fate became a mystery.

«We stand out. We can't blend in like they do».
«You don't know who the good guys are, who the crazies are», Decker said and repeated his mantra.
«Watch your back, Watch your back».

«Whenever the killers get an opportunity, they'll take you out»
«We stand out. We can't blend in like they do», said the bespectacled Decker, kitted out in desert fatigues, helmet, boots and body armour, and carrying a semi-automatic rifle.
Fear pervades US forces around the city. At a traffic circle on Karada street in central Baghdad, soldiers stand on the divider eying warily every vehicle that speeds by.
«I think it's going to get worse before it gets better», says Sergeant Michael Tucker beside his Bradley light armoured vehicle.
His friend, Specialist Bret Nuessen, chimes in: «They're going to get more desperate, to fight for whatever it is they believe in».
The two sit inside their cramped armoured vehicle and welcome the respite from patrolling Baghdad where they fear one misstep could lead to a bullet in the head.
«A lot of people have been alone for a second. Whenever the killers get an opportunity, they'll take you out», said Nuessen, speaking of the 29 soldiers killed in attacks since the United States declared its war here over at the beginning of May.

7/7/2003
Letter from Iraq

[CHANGING THE MUD]
This is f___ing insane! Here I am in a little Eureka tent in the middle of Iraq during a dirt-storm smelling like a three day old corpse writing a letter on a computer. Oh I forgot to mention the fact that I have a bottle of Iraq's finest whiskey as well. This s___ would peel the tar off a road. It has little things floating in it but I don't really give a f___. I am going to drink some and hope I don't go blind. This country is not dry but we are prohibited from drinking. It seems like the politically correct thing now is to go to war without drinking. Well f____ that, I'm gonna drink tonight. This whole thing has been a mess from the beginning and it appears as though it will only get worse in the end. You will have to forgive me if I fail to break this up into proper paragraphs, I am just gonna ramble along and indent a few times just because. Just read along and pretend I am talking to you. Why don't we say «indent» when we talk? I guess it's because of inflection or some such nonsense. Anyhow, if I indent in the wrong place, just bear with it. Iraq, what a s___-hole this country is. I have been all the way to Baghdad and it all looks the same. It's one giant slum. In the country the people live in mud huts. Everything is dirt colored. I am south of Baghdad at a military airfield near a town called Al-XXX. We just left a dirt field that was by a town called An-XXXXXX or something like that. Every town here is Al something or other. We moved here and guess what? Another dirt field. We own the whole country and we choose to set up in dirt fields. They tell us the serious fighting is done and we are pretty much safe. There are no known enemy units left intact. Funny thing is that some of these people still want to shoot at Americans. I guess they didn't get the word, or perhaps they are pissed at us for liberating their country from them, for them. I guess they don't understand how good it was for us to invade their country. There

is nothing like a good invasion by the infidels to put the local population in a first-rate mood. It really elevates the mood to a new level. I can see why these people are pissed off all the time, hell our homeless people live better then this in the states. Just to reinforce how well we have it we drive down the road in hundreds of truck throwing food out the windows to them. I bet that makes them proud, eating the infidel's trash. I wonder what the Koran has to say about that. We are winning there hearts and minds! In the Viet-Nam war they had a saying «We will win your hearts and minds or burn your f___ing huts down!» Well, how in the hell do you burn a mud hut down? I guess we will have to pour bottled water on them and melt them. As I sit here in my tent with the wind beating the s___ out of it and dirt filtering through the walls I am happy. I am living above ground! Can you believe I think living in a tent is a luxury? It's a small two man tent and I have it all to myself. I have a folding stretcher that was liberated by a Staff Sergeant and given to me. It just fits in the tent and has become my bed. It's not wide enough for my shoulders, and it's only three inches off the floor but it sure beats sleeping on cardboard in the bottom of a hole. I fill up the tent and I am not really sure who they use to measure these things to determine that they are two man tents. I guess they use skinny midgets as test dummies because I would have to be spooning with my tent-mate to fit two of us in here. The Marine Corps still frowns on those same sex relationships so I am forced to live alone. Most of the Marines are not of the midget variety so they rotate nights in the tent and nights in the dirt. I can't imagine being in here with another body that stinks as bad as I do. I would most likely puke or cause him to puke, either way it would just be fowler then it is now. It's been over a month since my last shower, and some days it's over a hundred degrees in the shade. Yes sir! You work up a sweat just breathing air. We do wash ourselves but pouring water over your head with a canteen cup and rubbing the mud around with a dirty rag doesn't really give you that Saturday night going on a date clean feeling. We call it changing the mud. I change the mud at least every three days so I am clean! In between mud changing's I wipe myself down with baby wipes. There is something about a 6'1" man armed with a rifle, pistol and a couple hand-grenades smelling like a baby's ass that is just not right. They really need to come up with commando scented baby wipes so we smell right. How the hell can you take over nations smelling like a baby's ass? It's embarrassing! We need to smell the part. The toilets. Yes indeed I can live in my bathroom after this. Have you ever thought of how nice that would be? Out here we have these lovely s__ers. I would say they were outhouses but that would be a lie. An outhouse would be an improvement over these things we have. There are three stalls or I should say three holes in which to drop a load in. They are not round holes they are triangular. It is simply a sheet of plywood and three holes. There are no seats so you just sit on the plywood. When you drop your load it falls into half a 55 gallon drum and there it sits so you may view the last Marines load. Now in a normal outhouse you would find a deep hole underneath and when it gets A3/4's of the way full you would dig a new hole and move the outhouse over that hole. You would fill in the old hole and be done for a month or so. Here in the Marine Corps we like to create new and fun things to do so we opt out on that method. We prefer to burn it. Oh yum what a treat.
You find a group of Marines and assign them the job of burning the s___ers. It takes about four hours and five gallons of diesel fuel to burn one can. There are three in each s___er and they may only burn two at a time so at least one is available for deposits. These s___ers must be at least 50 feet from a work or sleep area. They surround the camp so no matter which way the wind blows you can have the lovely aroma of scorched s___ drifting through your area. It takes about eight hours to burn all three so you get eight hours of fragrance each day. It's not

the most pleasant smell I have ever inhaled and when you accompany that with the aroma of baby wipes and sweating bodies it's just plane nasal overload. Imagine smelling a sweaty baby's ass packed with burnt s___, covered in dust and you would about have it. I almost forgot the buzzing sensation you get while sitting on the hole. Flies! Hundreds of them, as soon as you drop trousers they attack. They are all over you and when you look at the mess below you realize what must be on their little feet. Perhaps these flies hover when they eat so they aren't tracking other peoples poop all over you. Do flies really barf on their food before they eat it? If they do that means as I empty my bowels I am getting a paintjob on my ass consisting of fly puke and someone else s___. Speaking of bugs, well I have fleas! Yes, indeed fleas! They are eating me alive. I guess they are sand fleas or some other nice sounding name. These little monsters just eat and eat and then I scratch and scratch. All of the scratching tends to rip open the skin and then you bleed. Now bleeding is a sure sign that you are among the living so I guess that is good in a sense. The problem is how to keep the little scabs and bloody wounds from becoming dirty and infected when you can't shower. That takes a little work and so far I have not found the answer. I am working on it. We were told that the dirt has an extremely high fecal content so we should avoid consuming it. We should wash ourselves regularly and avoid the dust.
As I sit here covered in fecal laced dust I wonder how I am supposed to accomplish all of these things. I guess I will figure out a way to stop the wind and then we won't have dust storms.
I am working on that but until then I will just drink my fecal mochas and enjoy the new taste sensations. I wonder if Starbucks will have that on the menu for us when we get home. Here in Iraq we also have mosquitoes, they attack right at sundown just like a normal mosquito. The only real difference between these here in Iraq and ours back in the land of flush toilets would be malaria. These mosquitoes are of the almost lethal variety. Knowing this makes you beat the crap out of yourself for about an hour each night and adds a whole new meaning to watching the sunset. After an hour of sunset aerobics we can then crawl into our sleeping bags to feed the fleas for a few hours. After feeding the little vampire fleas all night we rise to a bright sunny day! Soon it will climb into the triple digits and the wind will give us a fresh dusting of fecal powder to stick in the sweat produced because of the heat. When a Marine out here is eating and he says this tastes like s___ you can take that to the bank! He knows what he is talking about because the Preventive Medicine Technician gave us a class on the fecal content in the dirt of our little piece of Iraq. I must not forget my sleeping bag. Gosh what a treat that is. I have been sleeping in it since February and now it's May. I have slept in my bag at the bottoms of holes I dug, under vehicles, on top of vehicles, beside vehicles and inside vehicles. I have slept in my bag through sandstorms, rainstorms and brainstorms. I have even been known to sleep in my bag though explosions. Pretty much no matter what the day brings I end up in my bag.
It's been a month since my last shower and guess what? I'll sleep in my bag that way too. There is so much grime and slime on it that the fecal dust won't even shake off anymore so I guess now I sleep in a s___ bag! This is a desert so you may wonder where we get our water. I will tell you. It comes from the Tigris and the Euphrates rivers. It's dredged up from a canal about four miles from our pile of dirt. They attempt to purify it but I guess the science is not exact because we have all had Saddams Revenge. It's pretty good stuff because you get to throw-up from the top and the bottom. Sometimes you get to do them both at the same time. This is accompanied by a fever and wonderful stomach cramps. When you add the heat and constant sweating, bug-bites, lack of real showers filthy clothing and fecal dust everywhere it's lots of fun! Don't drink the water and then you get dehydrated so you end up the same way. At least when they re-hydrate you at the battalion aid station you get clean pure water. The only draw back to that

method of re-hydration is the fact that you receive your water via an intravenous injection. Well that's not fun either but at least you can pick your method of sickness. Drinking the water or not drinking the water it's the same damm thing. I know this all sounds pretty fun but it's really not. You don't want to plan your next camping trip with Iraq as a stop. This is not on the top ten lists of must see places. Some say that this is the birthplace of civilization, if that's true then God (if there is one) has a sense of humor. He is one funny entity. All joking aside as I look at these people and all that they don't have I am thankful for the things we do have as Americans. Most of these people don't know what a phone is and have never heard of cable TV. They don't have running water and they live worse everyday then I am living right now. The things we expect they don't even dream of. I wish everyone back there in the states could come over here and live like this for a week. How many relationships built on true love ended today over something that really doesn't mean s___? Just because someone got unhappy? We demand to be happy and run as soon as it gets rough. Do you want to know what rough is? In my eyes it's seeing children begging for our garbage on the side of the road. Seeing children happy when we toss food to them that we ourselves won't eat, seeing a child's face light up because you gave him a bottle of clean water to drink. That is rough; imagine your child having to do that. We as Americans let everything else get in the way of what is important. Take a look around you and be thankful for what you have. Don't look at the house, cars, or your bank account for they mean nothing. Look at the ones you love, and what they really mean to you. Are those things that bother you all that important? Try to imagine your loved one living like I am. Imagine them living like these people live. I have been a Marine for 21 years and this has been the most rewarding thing I have done. I only have to imagine my son begging for food and I can see what's important. I and those around me are doing this so people we don't even know don't have to watch their children beg for food. Turn off the TV, shut out the world for a night, draw your loved ones close and spend some time with them. They are all that matters. I am glad I got to visit because it reminds me to be thankful that I am an American. I am thankful.

04/20/03

[EASTER IN THE DESERT]

U.S. soldiers waiting for orders to go into Iraq marked Easter Sunday in a camp in northern Kuwait with prayers and thoughts of the families they had left behind. Dozens crowded around a large cross planted at the edge of one tent camp to pray as the sun rose. Others filed into rows of wooden chairs in the chapel tent, singing and sweating as temperatures soared in the midday sun. […]

We probably never thought we would be celebrating Easter in the desert, but God is with us and He will be with us wherever we go.
There is a purpose and a reason for why we are all over here.
God has chosen us for a mission. Be strong and courageous.
It's a blessing that we might be moving on Easter.
It's a very good omen.
We must not lose sight of the meaning of Easter just because we are out here.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me !

Our Father who art in heaven. We pray this day, Oh God, for the men and women who wear the uniform of the United States Military; Army, Air Force, Navy, Marine, Coast Guard and every Reserve Component.
We pray for the civilians who support their efforts and we pray, Oh God, for those in the media whose job it is to chronicle the events of Operation Enduring Freedom.
What we pray this day is that you will stretch your strong arm of protection around them that no hurt, harm or danger will come upon them. We pray that you will comfort and strengthen their families while they are away.
And then, God, we pray that you will allow our service members to return home soon that we may give you Glory for the things that you have done.
The president needs to know it's in his hands, and we all need to recognize this isn't our home, America is, and we just pray that he does something about it.
In the name of Jesus we pray. Amen!

Sergeant Major Curtis Davis, a Baptist preacher, told a handful of soldiers from the 4th Infantry Division

HAPPY EASTER ALL

07/05/03
Troops get taste of home

«He said the steak was great. They made a barbecue out of a 20-pound barrel and played volleyball».
The e-mail was the first indication that Stevenson's goal of getting steak to U.S. forces in Iraq for the Fourth of July was realized.
«I see on Fox News on their Web site that one of the units that was attacked, that they were going ahead with their steak barbecue», he said. «Whether it's our project or a parallel project I cannot tell».
There's apparently a lot of secrecy surrounding steaks donated to the military.
«I can tell you that they (the military) don't want the world to know until after the fact.»
The project started in March, when Stevenson, whose custom lot can feed 6,000 heads of cattle, decided to show his support for the troops.
«The idea of me and my wife was to buy them a steak», he said.
The goal was to collect at least $50,000 — enough to buy steak for 6,000 to 10,000 soldiers so he set up a Web site: www.steakonthefourth.com […]
«From talking to old soldiers and Marines, they don't traditionally have steak on the Fourth of July», he said. «They usually have hot dogs».

7/29/03
Soldier's War Stories

[L'AMBUSCADE]
Just before the first explosion, the young U.S. Marines in the amphibious assault vehicle had been laughing as they rode through Iraq.

« We thought, 'Yeah, this is cool.' We were pumped up. We were sitting back, going, 'Yeah, let's go! », recalled Cpl. Randy Glass, of Bethlehem, Pa.
Then came the agonizing cries. « I looked down and I thought I didn't have a leg », said Glass, 20. « Blood was coming out like a faucet… I didn't know I still had a foot until one or two hours later ».
[...] « All of a sudden I hear a boom, then the track is on fire », said Pompos, who was aboard the vehicle immediately behind.
Glass, in the third year of his enlistment, was among some 20 Marines in the burning track.
[...] « I thought my body blew apart because I couldn't feel nothing », he said. « Everything was so fast. It got pitch black inside the track… I couldn't feel anything.
I knew I was alive, but that's it ». […] His left foot had been blown apart and left hanging by pieces of skin and tendons. At least three other Marines in the track were also wounded, including the driver, Sgt. Michael Bitz, 31, of Ventura, Calif. But the track didn't stop.
Fearing more casualties by halting in the middle of the firefight, the platoon's commander ordered Bitz to keep moving. « Go, go, go », he yelled, banging on Bitz's helmet.
The track rumbled forward with flames bursting from the rear. As some of the Marines stood up through the open hatch and fired at the Iraqis, others tried to stop the blood flowing out of the wounded. One of Glass' buddies used a rifle sling to tie a tourniquet just under his knee.
At the northern bridge, the Marines spilled out of the track. Some were on fire and used their hands to pat down the flames.
For Bitz, the driver, it was too late. He died at the scene.
Over the next hours, the booms and pops of RPGs and mortars filled the air. Radiant streaks of gunfire lit up the ground. Shrapnel flew in all directions.
As more Marines went down, the firing became too intense for helicopters to land near the north bridge and evacuate the casualties. The wounded Marines had to be loaded aboard tracks and driven back south across Ambush Alley. Adding to the mayhem was an Air Force A-10 jet that was strafing the area. […] The number of Marine deaths because of friendly fire during the battle remains unclear. The Pentagon is investigating.
[…] « Fuck, no! » Person says. « I want to go to Baghdad and kill people ».
[…] A couple of men pass the time naming illustrious former Marines — Oliver North, Captain Kangaroo and John Wayne Bobbit. «After they sewed his dick back on, didn't he make porn movies where he fucked a midget? », someone asks.
[…] Wynn, who's thirty-five and is almost a father figure to many in the platoon, who are ten to fifteen years younger, beams with pride. «Yeah, he probably did. A Marine will fuck anything.»
[…] The silence is broken by an unusual new sound, a series of high-pitched zings. Orange-red tracers streak through the air and slam into a dirt berm in front of and behind the Humvee.
[...] «Person, get out of the vehicle », Colbert orders.
[...] Everybody dives out of the Humvee and takes cover behind a berm. Marines from the forty other vehicles follow suit. «That's a goddamn ZPU! », Colbert says, referring to a type of powerful multibarreled Russian anti-aircraft gun. No one can figure out where it's located. These men, who usually laugh off other forms of gunfire, now burrow facedown in the nearest comforting patch of mother earth — all of them except Trombley, who jumps out of the vehicle with a pair of binoculars and scampers up the berm like a gopher, scanning the horizon. He's sitting up high, looking around excitedly, eagerly taking in this terrifying new experience.

[…] «That's cool», he says in a low voice as another salvo of ZPU rounds zings past. «I think I see it, Sergeant.»

Colbert and Person now rise over the berm, somewhat more cautiously than Trombley. Following his initial directions, they spot the enemy-gun position about a kilometer away. Colbert orders Hasser onto the Mark-19 grenade launcher, and with the ZPU still firing, the team methodically directs fire at it. Cobra attack helicopters join in the effort and hit a nearby pickup with men inside, who appear to burn up. The fire from the ZPU ceases.
[…] I later ask Trombley why he showed no signs of fear, seemed quite calm in fact, when he sat up on the berm and located the position of the gun that seemed to be terrorizing just about every other Marine in the battalion. «I know this might sound weird,» Trombley says, «but deep down inside I want to know what it feels like to get shot. Not that I want to get shot, but the reality is, I feel more nervous watching a game show on TV at home than I do here in all this».
[…] He tears into his plastic meal-ration bag and grins. «All this gunfighting is making me hungry», he says with a cheerful smile.
[…] He seems to be an observer. The rules of evidence are somewhat looser in a combat zone than they are back home — which means that he earns himself a death sentence for the crime of appearing to be holding binoculars and a radio. Patrick fires one shot, watches for a few moments through his scope and says, «The man went down».
[…] This is Patrick's second sniper kill in Iraq. Another sniper in First Recon, who calls his rifle Lila, short for Little Angel — the pet name for his daughter — can describe in vivid detail the gory circumstances of each kill he's bagged. Patrick doesn't say much about his kills. He doesn't seem to take much pleasure in them. The sergeant says he'd eagerly leave the war if somehow magically given the chance, but adds, «Just the same, I want to be with these guys so I can do what I can to help them live».
[…] Civilians line up by the side of the road when First Recon's convoy assembles that morning. The battalion is heading south, back to Al Hayy, then north on a different route to the next town, Al Muwaffaqiyah. Most of the crowd are boys, twelve to fifteen. The morning's show of American air power has whipped them into a frenzy. They greet the Marines like they are rock stars. «Hello, my friend!», some of them shout. «I love you!» It doesn't seem to matter that these young men have just witnessed portions of their city being destroyed. Or maybe this is the very appeal of the Marines. One of the promises made by the Bush administration before the war started was that the Iraqi populace would be pacified by a «shock and awe» air-bombing campaign. The strange thing is, these people appear to be entertained by it. «They think we're cool», says Person, «because we're so good at blowing shit up».
[…] First Recon's convoy pauses on the road by the bridge. Waving and jumping up and down, kids gathered by the tractor-trailer shot up the night before pay no heed to the corpses of its occupants scattered by their feet. Further on, there's another shot-up car, with a male corpse next to it in the dirt. More kids dance around the carnage, giving thumbs-up to the Americans, shouting, «Bush! Bush! Bush!».
[…] I stop by Espera's vehicle, an open-top Humvee. He gazes out at the grinning, impoverished children with dirty feet and says «How these people live makes me want to puke». Cpl. Gabriel Garza, standing at his vehicle's 50-cal, says, «They live just like Mexicans in Mexico». Garza smiles at the children and throws them some candy. His grandmother is from Mexico, and by the way he is grinning, you get the idea that living like Mexicans

is not all bad.
[…] Espera turns away in disgust. «That's why I fucking can't stand Mexico. I hate Third World countries.»
[…] Despite Espera's harsh critique of the white man — he derides English as « the master's language » — his worldview reflects his self-avowed role as servant in the white man's empire. It's a job he seems to relish with equal parts pride and cynicism. «These people live like hell », he says. « The U.S. should just go into all these countries here and in Africa, and set up a U.S. government and infrastructure — with McDonald's, Starbucks, MTV — then just hand it over. If we have to kill 100,000 to save 20 millions, it's worth it ».
He lights a cigar. « Hell, the U.S. did it at home for 200 years — killed Indians, used slaves, exploited immigrant labor to build a system that's good for everybody today. What does the white man call it? Manifest Destiny ».

03/06/03

I'm a gunner, so I will be riding on top of the Humvee. A position they call «sniper bait» — touching, huh? Those stressful moments working under deadline at the Public Opinion seem like a picnic now.
Sitting on top of the Humvee gives me the perfect vantage point to view everything. You can clearly see the poverty and wretched conditions these people live in. As soon as we crossed into the country, families lined up along the road to greet us. The children are so cute, yet sad looking. They yell «America Number One» and give us two thumbs up. I guess the majority of the Iraqis want us here, but I couldn't help but notice that a few Iraqis sat back off the road and gave us a cold stare. It was spooky. A few older kids tried to jump up on our large truck carrying our water and food. We were prepared for that. We put barbed wire along the truck. The kids learned their lesson the hard way, I guess.
For the first leg of the trip, I didn't see too much other than small, run-down clay houses every 100 yards or so. Some of the more advanced families have goats and donkeys, but not much else. Everyone I saw were barefoot and dressed in filthy clothes. I saw a few buildings that were blown up.
I'm lying here beside my Humvee under a sky of millions of stars. I can't get over the fact that less than three months ago this airport was under heavy airstrikes. What a sight that must have been. Directly across me, about 100 yards away, sits a building with a huge gaping hole where an artillery missile must have hit it. A burnt skeleton of a van sits in front, staring at me. It's finally hitting me that I'm officially in Iraq and a part of this Operation Iraqi Freedom.
This is not where I pictured myself being when I signed up for the military reserves during my senior year of high school.
I'm the only one still awake.
I can't help but think about all the consequences that I may face. That's my make-up. I over-analyze everything — good and bad. My obsessive behavior got me through 25 years of life. It's ironic how peaceful this night is with such a clear sky and silence beckoning all around. This may be the first time I could get a chance for a good night's sleep.
It figures this opportunity will be wasted.
I'll take up some time to clean my 9mm pistol and M16 A2 rifle to make sure they'll be

in peak operation for tomorrow. Other than that, I'll continue overstressing myself about the trip. What I wouldn't give to have a phone, so I could hear a friendly voice — because my own voice is becoming something of a burden.

8/05/2005

[BLOG SELECTION]

I believe that we are making progress in Iraq.
this fight doesn't' hinge on oil or payback.
It isn't about religion or race.
And it damn sure is not about any innate desire to rule the world.
These people will succeed or fail on their own merits.
The task is daunting.
You can release a person from bondage.
You can remove a tyrant from power.
You can create the conditions for liberty.
But, you cannot simply grant or proclaim freedom.
Freedom without honest action is a whisper in a storm just as change without vision and purpose is the illusion of progress. For ages these people were literally beaten to the point of submission by oppression, censure, murder, torture, and rape — regardless of age or gender. I have asked myself why they let it happen. The only answer I can fathom is that evil flourished because good people refused to pay the price required to oppose it.
Make no mistake: I'm no crusader — I do what I do because I am a professional soldier. For me it's been simple: protect the innocent, punish the deserving, accomplish my mission and bring my men home, period.
If you need words to better illustrate, the Latin mottos of two Infantry Regiments I have served in will suffice: « Sua Sponte » and « Ne Desit Virtus ». Of their own accord and Let Valor not fail. Or in true cowboy fashion: Saddle your own horse, cull your own herd, and bury your own dead.
[…] How can I contribute positively? It's a difficult question to answer. There are so many things to worry about that I wish I could do something about.
the process of establishing democracy in Iraq.
I personally lack the ability to have much of an impact on these situations.
But the United States government does. I can't be certain that my government will contribute positively to the resolution of these conflicts, but I have to have faith that it can.
[…] The organization that can do more for the protection of basic human rights than almost any other is the US Army.
[…] I believe there must be a way to be an infantryman and still be able to preserve a sense of compassion
The threat we face is like nothing we've seen before. I've been in the streets with this enemy, fought him face to face, and have been lucky enough to kill him and come out alive. I have seen what he is capable of doing and the zeal with which he will do it. This threat won't fit neatly into «the box» or be governed by any paradigm. It is a cancer within our collective body as the human race. We are all threatened by this evil, and evil it is.
This enemy has twisted and distorted things both sacred and profane to guideas well as justify

its means and its stated end. Nothing is beyond the realm of the possible when it comes to the depths to which it will sink, the horror it is willing to commit, or the suffering it is willing to inflict. This enemy has no concept of mercy nor does it recognize combatants. Innocence is not a factor. You need only look at the headlines of the day to confirm that children, teachers, and doctors are murdered everyday by these villains. What makes them evil? I submit that it is not the act that earns them the epithet of evil — it is the intent to commit and the pride they draw from the act. These animals revel in the post act announcements that they are responsible. They feel vindicated by the proclamations that they perpetrated these horrors in the name of God and that having committed these acts somehow elevates them. Make no mistake, this enemy is formidable but by no means invincible.

[…] « War is not a practical necessity, it is also a theoretical necessity, an exigeary of logic. That war should ever be banished from the world is a hope not only absurd, but profoundly immoral ». — Heinrich von Treitschke

[…] «The West won the world not by the superiority of its ideas or values or religion but rather by its superiority in applying organized violence. Westerners often forget this fact, non-Westerners never do ». — Samuel P. Huntington.

[…] I am a 11B Infantry soldier in the United States Army, currently in Mosul Iraq. Our mission: to locate, capture and kill all **non compliant forces** here in Iraq. So far we've done pretty damn good. I've been here for about 8 months now, and I have no idea how much longer I'm going to be here. My whole outlook on everything has changed since being here, and I've probably aged a great deal over here. So far, this has been one hell of an experince. Lots of lows, and very little highs. Everyday is the same, a patrol, an OP, a TCP, same food at the chow hall, see the same faces, same streets, etc. Nothing really ever changes here. Times goes by extremly slow out here as well.

[…] One of the only ideas I believe in with all my soul is the preservation and protection of basic human rights.

HOERSPIEL

Mille-pattes du Brésil… iguanes… vous mangent dans la main… s'en jettent derrière, voir… il faut ! … des palmes synthétiques, lianes ! … voilà ce que… que possèdent certains… dadas ! … marottes ! … celui… celle-là… tenez, un souffleur de verre… voilà ce que c'est de vivre dans un atelier fait serre… tropiques… nénuphars même… marigots fougères fondrières ! … une colonie en putréfaction… chiqué ! … tout ça… de surcroît mini ! … et donnant sur la rue fientée, dites-moi… ce qu'on peut montrer en deux minutes et demie ? … hein ? … vous voulez j'assume du solide… tenez… samedi passé, c'est une goa… un gars qui a été marin… s'est infecté le moignon pour ne faire que ça… on dira… au moins, un film d'entreprise… un portrait, tantôt… toujours ce qu'ils veulent entendre… câbles, hautes connections… roaarr… jaculent… tous ! … partouzent ! … 0, 1, 0, 0,… 010010100001 ! n'importe… tout rentre ! … le réel, pus rien !… équarri en plaques… crépi lèpre d'informations… pfouuit… au régime ! délesté ! … mais dessous… quoi ?… y en a-t-il même jamais eu je vous demande… hypothésez voir seulement… leer ! … vide ! le réel… un insistant mais alors tout ce qu'il y a de moins foutable dehors… vide ! … la bouillabaisse d'avant l'être… alors…

hein ? les addictions du mille-pattes, hein... numismates du virtuel, tout... ufolistes, rupestres, hubbleurs, tout... l'art !... chiens crevés ! je vous tiens, que l'Histoire... que seulement ça rentre !... du zéro du un... réseaux !... enfin... je vous raconte... sinthomes, vide métastatique corruptant gestes comme signes, omc comme pétanquistes...

Toute ressemblance avec des personnages fictifs ne pourrait être que l'effet réel du hasard. Le spectacle réel

Cadavres allemands, la relève s'effectue en plein combat, blessé allongé fait un signe, lève jambe sanglante, demande à boire, voici la fin, cadavres allemands, du plateau, cris, mon bras, mon bras, et on avance, et la ferme est dépassée, et voici les premières maisons d'un village.

un gars effondré d'acide se trotte... poursuit un autre... brandissant... une pelle... vu ! ce père... refile des game boy à son engeance... aux museaux plissés, aux paupières ligneuses... ils veulent danser encore... je veux !... charpie quand même... au rendez-vous final..

Internet se profile en dernier recours à la pointe du relèvement de la morale moderne.

M D M A... Mdma ! Mdma... te vous criaient, juchés, partout !... mais... en direct !... qu'on entendait les basses... je... à vous dépiauter les haut-parleurs du laptop, mécaniques !... missa, extases, encens !... certainement !... mais je vous... je vous laisse, demain... montage !... dès cinq heures... café à côté de la pile... défrichons les journaux fumant une cigarette... certainement... MDMA !... *deo ! in excelsis...*

Quelles chochottes. Quarante-quatre mille... voir ... c'est foutrant... parmi lesquels !... quelques ont payé jusqu'à mille, mille deux cent... pour entendre l'écran géant... voir le rocker... ah... il faut... au sortir des cabanons, des adolescentes frôlent les palissades... boue, des cheveux noués entre les orteils... se tiennent !... le bas-ventre... le sang en train de sécher aux boucles.

Se tirer sur la glace de l'écran une ligne de réel

Tout ce que vous pourriez voir pourrait apparaître extrêmement visuel, nous déclinons toute responsabilité face à ce qui vous regarde dans ce que vous voyez, faites le bon choix, choisir de ne pas voir, de ne pas choisir

La grêle a brisé des vitrines dans quelques stations de l'est de la côte.

Roulent en boule, certains tombent, un 150 s'écrase sur notre gauche, rejette sur nous une grappe humaine, soulevant des geysers de fumée, de nouveaux obus, tués, blessés, culbutent, d'un bond, sous des balles ayant zébré l'air, nous passons le carrefour, maintenant la pente d'où l'ennemi tire, aperçue, la sortie du village sera dure, porté par quatre épaules un jeune sous-lieutenant, le visage livide, est emporté, des corps plient, à chaque bond, et s'affaissent, baïonnettes hautes, une première vague part du village, nous jetés contre ce bois meurtrier, bientôt, pourtant, elle s'arrête, épuisée, fondue dans les herbes, anxieuses des minutes passent, sous nos yeux un spectacle incroyable, des soldats, une file, sans armes, amènent le matériel d'obusiers Stock, froidement les pièces sont mises en batterie, dans une joie bruyante, les obus Stock s'abattant sur le bois, le noyant, nous assistons au déluge, comme à l'exercice, repartie, la vague d'assaut avec un élan furieux, dans les bois et futaies se morcellent les unités.

Crevez vos yeux pour toucher. Crevez pour toucher nos yeux.

Une bête de scène !... wild... mais certainement... D'ici nous admirons les dizaines de projectiles qui foncent en masse sur le nid de résistance, la forêt, écrasée, est devenue muette.

Clairière
fraîche
où le coucou a
repris déjà
son chant

Ces groupes d'hommes qui disparaissent. Pour ensuite reparaître plus loin. Ce sont des boches, traqués par nos fusants, ils déguerpissent à notre approche, se replient sur le village de Rozet-Saint-Albin, à mi-côte une rafale d'obus à gaz.

Essoufflés, crachant, nos yeux rouges, la bouche écumante, secoués, la toux rauque, saccadés, nos poumons brûlés, toussant, cellules irritées, nous pleurant, peaux pelées.

Nous y passerons la nuit.

De l'art au corps, il y a doit se faire à coups de
toute une traversée qui fouet. Soupe chaude.

Clarté, la nuit, les hommes affaissés, groupés pas un bruit, avec la lumière, débouche, la bataille s'éteint.

Au petit bonheur l'artillerie nous arrose dans la fraîcheur du matin, 20 juillet 1918, les culasses des fusils claquent nerveusement, les cuistots sont montés et le jus était chaud et bien sucré.

Il a été cloué sur place.

Les bâtis sont adossés à une falaise creusée de carrières profondes.
Je fouille une maison voisine. D'objets civils, point.
Je trouve par contre un paquetage de linges propres abandonné par un boche.
Je change sur place de chemise, de caleçon et de chaussettes.
Je fais une affaire.

Cadence / rage
les obus s'acharnent, émiettent le
Grotte / fosse / cave
la chaussée pierreuse, d'un bond,
Recoins / ventres / béton / jambes
Recoins / béton / mes yeux, un souffle
me plaque contre une falaise, ventres
et jambes

Et rage
Rage

La canonnade, la fusillade s'amplifient,
Crible / gerbe / rase village, les balles
en furie labourent l'air vibre, Peaux
pelées / sang caillé claque, des
branches brisées tombent, je m'élance,
de la terre me saute au visage, une
flamme rouge Limaille
passe sur je suis passé, un magnifique
soldat, un souffle Grotte / fosse / cave
m'a plaqué, une flamme rouge est
passée, Gerbe / crible / rase
Rage / grilles / rafales
de la terre a giclé, des branches sont
tombées, l'air a claqué, vibré, les
balles ont labouré, le village émietté,
les reins déchiquetés par le fer.

Un cri qui n'est pas humain,

Tous ces tombés.

qui se prolonge, sous les obus.
Je me dégage de l'étreinte du mort qui ne me lâche plus.

Transparence recherche écran.

Nudité, sexe, s'abstenir.
Vous faire passer à l'acte pour exténuer le désir.
Vous fictionner pour exténuer le réel.
Vous réaliser pour exténuer le réel.
Vous fictionner pour exténuer la fiction.
Vous exténuer, vous connaître.
Seule la douleur.
Réel sous chiffre.
Penser. Sans qu'un souffle.
Que vous ne souffleriez pas.
S'abstenir sans réelle douleur.

Maintenant il semble bien que nous sommes aux confins de la folie. Ils ne déboucheront plus ce soir. Des fougères entre les pavés de la place. Une partie de football sous le ciel zébré encore de balles entre des murs humides. Sous le regard l'hébétude de ceux qui effondrés mangent leurs haricots leurs boîtes de viande.

Goal !... foules... ça claque.

jsuis mitrailleur unn
squeeelette brûlé me
fait f ace
un squelette brûlé me
fait face ace ma propre
estt un sinal de mort
il vous plaitt
dooonneez-moi un
téléphone
maa propre voixx est
ma propre voix
est un signal de mort
dnne-mo n téléhoe sil
os plaitt un sqqqulette
rûlé me fait face mma
propre eest un ssignal
dde m ort ma proopr
estt un signal de mor t
jaiiimeraiss enteendre
une voixx aamie
ma propre eest uun
signalll de m oort ma
proppre voix
un sqquueettee brûlé
me fait fac e donnezz-
moii un télléphoone

un miiittraillleuur maa ropre voix est ma propre voooox
jsuiiis lseul encore évveillé maa propre vooix jsuis mitrailleuuur
sil vouss ppplaait jaimmeraiis ennteende

Le but est de terroriser les terroristes, il me dit ça souriant, attendant ma réponse.
Putain de suceur.
Sors, suceur.
Dans le combat, je n'aime rien, sauf tirer. L'action me fait chier.
Je me souviens d'avoir pensé, ce n'est pas un bon jour pour Dieu.
Un marine te vous tringlerait n'importe quoi, un marine tringlant est un marine heureux.
J'en chiale comme un gosse.
On s'est dit, ma femme, moi, qu'on allait leur envoyer des steaks pour la fête nationale. Trente tonnes de steaks. On a commencé à collecter du fric par internet. Le site c'est des steaks au front pour le quatre point com.
Du sang nous gicle à la gueule comme d'une batterie de seringues.
Ce n'est pas un bon jour pour Dieu.
Toi l'humain, sors de ton véhicule.
Je peux lui voir le pharynx lui ressortant par en-dessus du

crâne.
Ces gens vivent dans la merde. Si on en descend cent mille, on en aura au moins sauvé vingt millions.
C'est cool sergent.

Tout cette mitraille m'a donné faim.
Je me sens le sang pris, glacé, comme un putain d'enculeur de sa mère rafalant ces types qui sortent de partout.
C'est cool sergent.
Sors, nom de Dieu.
Trente tonnes de steaks pour le quatre juillet

une voix aaamie ma
ppropre est uun signnal
dde m ort
ddonnnez-mooi unn
éléphon e vvoxx amii
un mitrrailleurrr mmm
prore vvoix mme
reegggrdannnt
aaimeeraiss emttendr
une!voooix anie
e rregadnt nnsinal dde
mortt
u ssuuelettee
bbrûlé
ssilvoous plaaitt
donnnddzzz-moooi un
tééélephonn e js
lsseeulllenncoree
éévelé mma prroppre
es un signa ce m oort
maa poopqe!voixx uiss
sseuul eeeecore évvjlll
é maprpree est un
siggnnal ddee m rt m
pprpee vooiixdst u
miitraaiikeeuur u
signak de mor
jjjjaimmeraas
nennnnnndre
une vo ixx aaamme un
squlette brûûllé
dnnnncrrree éévillé
dddonnnndz-mi u
téléépphoee
jssuiss seuul
encoeéveeiillç
jaairaiseeeenntedre
nevoixx amie un
signall de morrt
unn signal de mort
jaimeraiis entendre

une voix ami ee n mitrailleur unn mitrailleur une voiix amie

café sans caféine
crème sans gras
bière sans alcool
le sexe sans les peaux
politique sans polis
guerre sans morts
l'autre sans altérité
réel sans réalité
la guerre sans le gras
l'autre sans réalité
politique sans peaux
sans peaux sexe
sans morts guerre
le gras sans le réel
la fiction sans le gras
le gras sans gras
la guerre sans peaux
réel sans guerre sans peaux sans morts sans réel

sang sans sang sans sans

Tringler vous remonte un marine.
A qui, d'ailleurs, ça n'a jamais fait du bien ?
Je vois sept types vaporisés.
La mauvaise nouvelle, c'est qu'à nouveau je ne pourrai pas dormir ce soir. La bonne, c'est qu'on en a descendu pas mal.
C'est pour ça que je déteste le Mexique, nom de Dieu, je déteste les pays du Tiers monde.
Sors de ton véhicule.
Ce pays est merdeux et traître, et plus vite on s'en tire.
Le type est tombé doucement de sa portière dans la poussière.
Le plus vite sera le mieux.
Sergent.

Ils pensent qu'on est cool parce qu'on explose tout ces putains de machins.
Hello mon ami.
Tout ce que ces gens vivent me donnent envie de gerber.
Putain de suceur,

sors, nom de Dieu.
Suceur.
Brûlez-moi ça, putain.
Un système qui est bien et bon pour tout le monde aujourd'hui.
Sept types devant mes yeux vaporisés.
Son enthousiasme dans la boucherie.
Sors suceur.
Quelques-uns de ses hommes ont l'air sceptique des commerçants.
Sors putain.

Une miss régionale se tue sur la route des vacances.

Maintenant des gerbes de balles fouillent l'air avec des bruits d'oiseaux en fuite. Courbés, nous pénétrons dans un chemin creux, le talus de gauche nous protège des balles.

voulu... en finir !... « le grand perroquet prend l'eau »... ça... cruciverbiste... à ses heures !... mais non !... pourtant !.. une telle a compris je ne sais quoi d'autre... s'affale ! pleureuses automatiques ! tombe !... il est huit heures, des voix aigries... des oui !... des mercis... ça.

Prenant congé à une garden partie correctionnaire, des platanes, des bourgs, il piéauplanchait. Il apprenait à ne s'offenser de rien.

Ça !... il aura toujours

Une voix a dominé le tumulte contre cette herse La hache d'acier, carcasses seront happées, broyées, dispersées, voix grêles s'élèvent, s'amplifient, stridentes, les mitrailleuses, une ferraille, le toussotement aigre, le long halètement des grosses marmites, crispés, les mâchoires contractées, Dans l'air muets en flocons gris.

Un homme pour voir ce qui se passe là-haut. Vers Lui.

camp victory_maquette v5 17.11.2005 14:01 Page 22

Saaaaaabrrrre ! roaaaar ! gi !... sachant que massacrer ! feinter matois... exploiter ! Histoire ! pardon !... devant qu'ils s'articulent, là... qu'on est solidaires... sanglées ! ... « pour mettre en place l'infrastructure nécessaire à l'avènement d'un monde meilleur », ah ça... Votre Majesté !... tu vois clair en nous... bien simple, broyés broyant... si !...

Pas. Pas. Bouffe. Réelle. Bouffe chaude. Pas. Réelle. Douche. Sans une seule douche. Sans des jours durant. Réel. Pas de quantités. Des quantités minimales. Bouffe bouffe. Minimum le minimum. Pas de réel réel. De douche. Sans aucun réel. Sans le minimum. Sans une douche. Soixante jours. Pas de réel sans. Douche. Bouffe douche. Sans une pas de réel soixante jours réelle douche. Pas de jours réels. Soixante réelles douches sans un seul jour. Vapeur brûlante. Surveille ton surveille. Brûlant dos. Tes quantités minimales. Des jours brûlants sans une seule douche. Soixante jours. Pas de bouffe réelle. Le désert dans la douche. Dans le désert bouffe. Ton dos dans le désert. Une surveille sans sommeil. Désert sans sommeil en quantités minimales. Brûlant sans réel minimum. Soixante jours retour. Surveille tes quantités. Quantités minimales. Un minimum de jours brûlants. Une douche sans surveille. Pas de réels jours brûlants. Vapeur soixante jours réels. Pas d'insomnie sans sommeil. Jours de vapeur. Soixante jours réels.

Le vieux cadavre pue.

I love you.

Pire que ma tente, un bain de sang.

Madame, oh, madame.

Tu ne sais pas qui sont des bons types, qui des fous.

Je n'ai jamais écrit autant de ma vie.

Un champ d'immondices, des huttes, tout est couvert de merde.

Tu sais qu'on va te convertir pétasse.

Des mouches.

J'parie qu'ça les rend fiers de bouffer les déchets des infidèles.

Tu comprends pourquoi ils tirent des gueules pareilles, tu comprends ?

Pour bien montrer qu'on est les maîtres ici, on parcourt les routes avec des centaines de camions en leur jetant de la bouffe par la fenêtre.

I love you.

Ça nous ouvre le chemin des taudis.

Madame, putain.

Les femelles locales ne nous amusent pas, elles puent l'ennui et l'enculeur solitaire.

J'oubliais cette vibration quand on est sur le trou.

Le vieux cadavre pue, ah madame.

Des steaks pour le quatre juillet.

Je souhaite à ma gamine qu'elle puisse reconnaître son papa.

Il y a apparemment sur le web toute une nébuleuse de mystère entourant la distribution de steaks aux troupes.

Surveille tes arrières.

Dieu, tu vois clair en nous.

Putain, madame, putain pétasse.

I love you.

Je ne sens plus mon corps, je sais seulement que je suis vivant.

Un bain de sang.

Tes arrières.

Tous ces gens, ce sont des chefs de bureau, des commerciaux, des hommes d'affaire, des tueurs, ces gens sont tout ça, à la fois

Je ne me rends compte qu'une ou deux heures plus tard que j'ai encore un pied.

I love you, putain.

Tout à coup, une explosion, en face le camion en feu, vingt marines dedans.

Cinq minutes sous le feu et ils font ce qu'ils ont toujours fait.

Les boîtes à merde entourent le camp, à au moins vingt mètres des dortoirs.

Madame.

Une invasion d'infidèles leur remonte le moral.

Madame, ça nous ouvre la route.

Le cadavre pue pire que ma tente, je pue, je pue le cadavre.

Madame.

Mon pied.

Je veux marcher sur Bagdad et abattre des foules.

Comment voulez-vous envahir un pays en puant le cul de bébé.

Si je joue pas aux cartes le soir, je mate des vidéos, des films de guerre.

On préfère brûler la merde, on vous ralliera à notre cause.

On prévoit des classes de rééducation conjugale.

MAMAN ACHETE

Maman achète-moi un chiot et appelle-le Sergent. Je le tuerai quand je reviendrai. Ils m'ont brisé les yeux. Comme si on pouvait se passer des femmes. Un verre de coca ou une tringlée ? Pour de l'argent. Contre deux boîtes de singe et, ma mitrailleuse, ouais. Les hommes ont été fusillés d'un côté. Les ânes de l'autre. Les uns et les autres attendent la mort en silence. C'est terrible quand on tue les animaux. L'âne blessé crie comme si on passe une pièce métallique sur une tôle. J'aime tirer, me vider, une rafale, un souffle, pour me dessiller les yeux. En classe ils écrivent sur ce mur avec des morceaux de charbon, passé à la chaux. Après chaque incendie. La peau d'un brûlé qui s'enroule comme un bas nylon. On ne peut pas se passer des femmes, quand les crânes défoncés des mosquées reposent, respirent, elles ne savent pas encore leur prix, elles arrivent, elles se vendent pour cent, deux cents, en une semaine elle prennent déjà trois mille. J'ai uriné du sang pendant trois jours, j'ai eu droit à vingt-neuf coups. Ils tapent proprement. Après, je frappe le premier. Puis un permissionnaire part, les bleus lui astiquent sa plaque. On la passe au papier de verre gros grains, puis avec du plus fin, puis on la frotte avec du feutre, on finit par la laver à l'essence. Surtout, il y a la résille de pus aux visages. Vitriolés. Il y a les copains. Même la chaleur qu'il fait est un secret. Il faut détruire les pellicules. Si on nous faisait défiler tous, les porteurs de prothèses. Avec nos médailles. Quand c'est au-dessous du genou, c'est une chance. On devient si petit sans ses prothèses. On rentre, on se perd de vue, on se retrouve dans les bordels. Pulvérisé, anéanti, les autres ne me verraient pas au moins. Il y aura un sapin à noël. Il était si tendre. Il voulait entendre sa mère. Il a reçu quinze éclats au moins. Je vous embrasse. Il n'avait qu'une demi-heure pour écrire. Avant la garde. Il a menti, sûrement. Mais les sacs dans la caisse de zinc. Ça a commencé par mon écartèlement. Maintenant il n'appartient qu'à nous. Sergent Sachka. Je ne le donnerai à personne. Même pas son nom.

La voix ne s'est pas tue. La balle a traversé le cou de droite à gauche. Horizontalement. Broyant la trachée. L'air. L'air maintenant siffle en sortant par les plaies. Il n'y a pas de silence de mort. Quand on extrait des choses rouges, broyées. Des mélanges de chairs et de boue. Ça feule d'orifices, ça chuinte d'humeurs, ça déflagre d'os. Une cage thoracique béante qui laisse apercevoir deux petits poumons qui ne se gonflent presque plus à l'air et qui flottent dans l'espace devenu trop grand pour eux. Sous leurs casques, ils n'ont plus de visage. Place à une boule rouge, de bouillie, de caillots gras. De la pince où ils pendent, des yeux aux bouts qui finiraient par une exigence. Pas un écorché passif, tout ce qu'il y a de plus épouvantables manifestations. Colonnes arquent, mâchoires serrent, tripes

dégueulent. Cette salive projetée en l'air. Sur le brancard, les deux jambes sectionnées lèvent leurs moignons, seuls, tendons, longues cordes, les rattachent aux rangers, bottines qui dansent quand le crevé tressaille. Je vivrais mille ans, je les entendrais encore. On nous tendait nos nouveaux-nés, sanglants entre les seins. Ils ramènent à eux des poignées d'intestins. Ils ne veulent pas se taire.

La voix dit, j'entends ta voix.
La voix dit, je te vois.
La voix dit, je te viens.
La voix dit, je te suis.
La voix me dit, nous sommes corps à corps.
La voix me dit qu'elle nous suit.
La voix me dit que tu nous vois.
La voix me dicte sa venue.
La voix me dicte votre désir.
La voix me dit que tu veux voir.
La voix me dit ce qui t'appelle dans sa voix.
La voix me dit de me perdre.
La voix me dicte de vous perdre.
La voix dit, vois ce qui te regarde dans ma voix.
La voix me redit, perds tout.
La voix me redit, c'est toi.
La voix me dit, ce sont les nôtres.
La voix rechigne à vous venir.
La voix édicte que c'est la sienne.
La voix me dicte que c'est toi qui t'es tu.
La voix me somme, reperds tout.
La voix me somme, renoue avec moi.
La voix nous somme de tout revoir.
La voix, tu nous reperds.
La voix, je te somme de me dire.
La voix, j'édicte, vous regarde.
La voix, je vous somme, rappelez-la.
La voix, nous te sommes désirables.
La voix, nous y sommes reperdus.
La voix, je te suis éclatant.
Je te somme la voix.
Je te viens la voix.
Je te suis la voix.
Je t'édicte la voix.
Je vous perds la voix.
Ne nous somme pas la voix.
Nous sommes la voix.
Tu nous as tus.

I'M A GUNNER

I'll take up some time to clean my 9mm pistol and M16 A2 rifle This may be the first time I could get a chance for a good night's sleep It's ironic how peaceful this night is good and bad I can't help but think about all the consequences that I may face It's finally hitting me that I'm officially in Iraq and a part of this Operation Iraqi Freedom I'm the only one still awake I'm the only one still awake This is not where I pictured myself being when I signed up for the military reserves during my senior year of high school That's my makeup I over-analyze everything good and bad with such a clear sky and silence beckoning all around good and bad That's my makeup My obsessive behavior got me through 25 years of life I over-analyze everything I can't help but think about all the consequences that I may face I'm the only one still awake A burnt skeleton of a van sits i n front staring at me an artillery missile must have h it it What a sight that must have been it it I saw a-few buildjngt that were blown up The kids lfarned uheir lesson th d hard way A ffv older kids tried uo jump u rucj carsying our water and food we were prdpared gnr that but I couldn't help but mouice-t he road and gavd us a cold stare givf ur-two thumbs up- It was spooky- give us twwo tggumbs up -They yekkl America Number One- I gguess!!- tthe majority of the-- Iraqis wammt us herre I guess the majority of the Ir aqis want!!us here They yemml Amfrica Numccer One- The children are so ccute yet sa d loppkimmg give us two thumbs upp -l America Numbeer One I saww werrd barrefoos nd drressed in ffiilthy cllothes We were prepareddd foorr!thas BB feew nldder-kidss ttried t ryimgg oour waaateer and ffooood They yyyyell AAAmeeriiiica Nuu umber Onne I gguuessst tthhe mmaajo iiiiiiss wannnntt uuuss herree II guessss thee makkoorrii iiss!waootttt uuuuss hhfffrrrree TTTThhheey yyyyyyellll A riiccaaa NNumbbeerrrrrrr Pnne TTTTheee cchhillddreennn are ss ett ssad llloookkkiinnngg TTTTThhhhhhhhe--chhiiillddddrree lllookkkkkkkiinnnnnnnnngggggg ggiiiiiiiiveeeeeeeee uuuuuuuuuuu hhhhunnbbbbbssssss!!!!!!!!!uuuuup TTThhhhhhhhhhhhhhddddddddddddd ooooooooo ccccccccuuuuutttttee y yeeeeettttt sssssssaaaaaaaaaadd iiiiiiiiiiiiiiinnnggggggggggggg TTTTTTTThheyy yyyyyyyyyeeeeelll bbbbbbbeeeeeerrr OOOOOOOnnnnneee bbbbbbbbttttttttttt II coooo fffff ttthhhheeee rrrroaaaaaaaaa aaaaddddddddddddd aanndd gg llld sssssssstttttt``````qqqqee A ffffffffeeeeeeeeeeeeeee aaaaattteeeeeqq--andd fooooooo dddddd TThhe kids mmmeeeeearnnneeed- ooo uuhhee hhhhhhhhhaaard wwwaay TTThe kkkkjjdddssss!leearrrnnnee llllesssnnnnn ttheee hbrdd wway AA feww oleer kkidddsssssss--wwwwaattdrr aaanndddddd fpoddd Uhe kidss learrnnnnneed ttheei r llersssnn thhee iardd wayy BB burrnnt skkkeletoonnn oofffff n frrooonntt staring attt meee I'mmm ttttthhe ooonly oone s ttiill awwake I'm the pppnnnllly oneeee sss ttttilll awaaakke II&mm thhhhe onllx ome stiiiii ll aawwwakkkkkeee It'sss ffiiinnaalllyyy hi aqqqqqqiiii Freddddooooooom aan arrrrttttttiiilllllllleeerryy have hiiiittttttt iiiiiit IIIIIII'm thhd oonnllly ooooo nf ttilllllll aaaaawakkke aann aaarrrthmmmmmmmmleeeeesyyyy hhhh```vvvee hitttttttttt iit Thhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhiiiiiiiiiiiiiis rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrree IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII---- eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee eeeeeee nnnngggggggggggggggggggggggggggg ggggg wwww gggnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn ooooorrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr ttttttttt tthhhhhhhhhhhhh-hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh rrrryyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy yyyyyyyy rrrrrrrrrrrrr ddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddd ddddddddddddddddddduuuuuuuuuuuuu nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn nnnnnnnnnnniiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiinn ooffffffffffffffffff !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! ooooooooooooooooooooooollllllll

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faaaaceeeeeeeeee ggggggggooooood aaaaaandd bbaaaaa d This is nnnooott wwwhheeree I arr
of hhiggghhh scchoollllllll

EASTER IN THE DESERT

Wee ppprrobabblyy nevver thouugg ing Easteeer in thee deserrrt Our Father who artt
in heaven we praay We pray that youu will commfo nnd sttrengthen theeir familiess Thee
preesidddentt needs ttoo kn nnoow itt's inn hiss haandss aand!wwe all neeed too recccogn
ise thiiis iisn'ttt oour home wwwiillll comee uoon them and wwe allllll nnneed too rrreco
tthhis iiiisssn'''tt our hoome Weee pray ttthat yoou wiillll coo d sttrgnngthen thheir faamilies
hh a We pray that youu wglll comfoor strengthen ttheiir famiiiliies Wee pray tgat you wiill
commfoo ssvvreengttthen thheir families that wee maay give yyyoooou Gl rr tth things
thatt ou havedone you will stretch your sstrongar tioon around them thaat no hurt II wiill
fearno eevil f hoo aaa t wwithh me !! Ourrrr Fathheer woart inheavvvfn t wwithh me !!
foorr the mennn andd wwwomen w ed SSStttattteees Miilliitaarryy We mmust nnoot loose
siiiight eecauuussee wee are out heere for the men aannd womeeen who we he Uniiteed
SStattes MMillitary WWee pprrray tthis dayy yoou wwwiiill sttretchh yoouur nnndd them
thaat nnnooo hurt ffforrrrrr thhosse in thee o--chhhrooniclle the evveentts We ppraaay
that you wwilll co en ttheeir ffaaaaooooooiiliiess wwwe pppppprayyy we pray for thee
meennn andd wwoooo ed SSSttatesss Miiiiillllitaary ttthhoough III waaaaaaaaalkk th ff
thheeee shadow of deeaaath IItt''s aaa blesssiinnnggg tthaa bbe movinng oooon Eastteeeeer
Be sssstrrrooonnnnng bnd coooura aagggeeoous I wwiillll feaarrr no evvvil fo oou arrrt
wiithhh-kkee # wwwe oooorrray for ttgc mmcnn andd woomgn eeed SSSSSttaues
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" harm orr daannnngeeeeer GGGood jjjeeesuus-namme iiiiinn we thf off ttttooooooo
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will homme ssoon rrcuurn Amcrrgc_ weuhe maytthinngs thaaatfor gkve thar youyou--
Gllopw have ddone themm!upnn yjkk come Anericca to pprrfriddennthiss js'u needs
handss knox Theio comee them wiillll uppon needhomee to recoognise andtttt hiis weisn't
allllloour or ddanger harrm Goddd OOhh your sstrong stretcharoo youof w arm nno hurt
thatt uunndd them andof womenthee who forwwear me hethe Uniited States Milittaary
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events Oh God come them uponn will or harm danger to know needshands presidenthis
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dddddooooonnnnnnnnne it's TTTTTThheeeeeeeeiiiiiin eeeedddsshhhaaaannnddddddddss
tthhhhhaatfffffoor wwwweettttttt yy havvveeeeeee dooonnnnnnne GGGoddddd
AAAmmmmmmennn America

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY

for the Fourth of July for the Fourth of July for tthe Fourth of July for tthe Fourth of July for tthe Fooourth of July for tthee Fooourth of July for tthee Fooourth of July for tthee Fooourth of July for tthee Fooourth of July for tthee Fooourth of July for tthee Fooourth oof July for tthee Fooourth oof July for ttthee Fooourth oof Jully for ttthhee Fooourth ooof Jully for ttthhee Fooourth ooof Jully for ttthhee Fooouurth ooof Jully ssssttteaa for ttthhee Fooouurth ooof Jully sssstteaa for ttthhee Fooouurth ooof Jully sssstteaa forr ttthhee Fooouurrth ooof Jul ly sssstteaa forr ttthhee Fooouurrrth ooof Ju l ly sssstteaa forr ttthhee Fooouurrrth ooof Ju l ly sssstteaa foorr ttthhee Fooouurrrth ooof J u l ly sssstteaa foorr ttthhee Fooouurrrth ooof J u ll ly sssstteaa foorr ttthhee Fooouurrrth ooof J u ll ly sssstteaa foorr ttthhee Fooouurrrth ooof J u ll ly sssstteaa foorr ttthhee Fooouurrrth ooof J u ll lly sssstteaa fooorr ttthheee Fooouurrrth ooof J u ll lly sssstteaa fooooorr ttthheee Fooouurrrth o o of JJ uu ll lly sssstteaa fooooooooorr ttthheee Fooouurrr o off JJJ uu ll lly sssstteaa fooooooooorrr ttttheee Fooouurr o off JJJ uu ll lly sssstteaa fooooooooooorr ttttthheee Fooouu o off JJJ uu ll lly sssstteaa fooooooooooooorrr ttttthheee F offf JJJ uu ll lly sssstteaa fooooooooooooooorrr ttttthheeee fff JJJ uuuu ll lly sssstteaa fooooooooooooooooorrrr ttttthhe ff JJJ uuuu ll llyy sssstteaa fooooooooooooooooorrrr ttttthh JJJ uuuuu ll llyy ssssstteaa fooooooooooooooooorrrrr ttttt JJJ uuuuu ll llyy sssstteaa fooooooooooooooooorrrrrr tt JJ uuuuu lll llyy sssstteaa fooooooooooooooooorrrrrr J uuuuuu lll llyy sssstteaa fooooooooooooooooorrrrrr uuuu lll llyyy sssssstteaa

The idea of me and my wife was to buy them a steak.
The goal was to collect at least $50,000 — enough to buy steak for 6,000 to 10,000 soldiers so we set up a Web site: www.steakonthefourth.com.

UNE OUVERTURE DANS L'OUVERTURE

nous avons une voix et sommes une voix / la voix c'est l'espace commun de ceux qui appellent / la voix nous somme de tout repenser / nous avons une voix et sommes plusieurs voix / la voix c'est ce qui nous assigne une place hors de nous / dans la voix de l'autre / nous avons plusieurs voix et sommes plusieurs voix / la voix c'est ce qui nous assigne une place hors de nous / dans la voix de l'autre / nos voix c'est ce qui nous assigne

une place hors de nous / dans les voix des autres / la voix nous sommes de tout repenser / j'ai plusieurs voix et je suis plusieurs voix / la voix c'est l'espace commun de ceux qui appellent / ma voix c'est ce qui vous assigne une place hors de vous / dans les voix des autres / qui entend se retrouve dans la voix de l'autre / qui entend se reperd dans les voix des autres / qui entend nous somme de tout repenser / avec la voix vient l'orifice le visage / nous sommes cernés, soufflés, sommés de tout repenser / avec la voix vient l'orifice le visage / une ouverture dans l'ouverture / avec la voix vient le dénuement / avec l'orifice la supplication / l'exigence avec le visage / de plusieurs, de tous / de tous ceux que nous avons que nous sommes / dans la voix / de tous ceux qui nous somment / de tout repenser

YOUR F_____ HUTS

We will win your hearts and minds or burn your fucking huts down,We will win your hearts and minds or burn your fucking huts down. We, will win your hearts, and minds, or burn your fucking huts down, We will win your hearts and minds, or burn your fucking huts down. We'll win your hearts, or burn yo fuckin' huts down, We'll, win, your heaarts and minds, or burn your fucking huts doown. We will wiin your heaarts and minds or buurn your fffucking hutts down, We wiiill wiinn yourrrr heeaarts aand miiinds or buurrrnn youuur fffuckking huttsss dooownn. We will burn your fucking

PLEASE GIVE ME A PHONE

y own voe
i yow voice
is ywn voicis
my ownvoice i a burntseleton
a brnt kleton my o voie is
my own voie is my on voce
s y ow voicei
y o voa
my ownvice i a urntskeleton
stari a e in front of m
still wake
I'm a gunner
aa burnnt sskeleton sittss in f rroontt
my own voice is a friendly vvoice
my own voice please aa friiendly voiccee
pleasse ggive me a phone
pleaseee still aw__kee
a burden sttariingg at mmmc
ive mee a ppphonne
I could heearr a reedly voice
a bvrnt sskelleeton sittss ggn front
aaa ssnnt sskkeleton sits in fro oonntt
b burrnnnt skeeeletoonnnn
aa burn skelllleton sits in f froont of mmy wn voice

becmminng sso mmmetiiiiing oof a buuren
a bburntt rrrkelleeettooon iii ts i!!dronss
a buurrrddden myyy ownnvokce iiiis
sstkll awaallfff a gguooooer
a friendly vnjce pleaaase ggiueee me cpphhhooone e
mmy ownn voiiie iss lleeasegive me
aa phonee
giv me a phone
IIII'm a guner bbbuurntkkketoonn
sst frnt ownvooice bbeconng somethingof burdn '
staring a me a burnt skeeleton sits i front staringt me
sttaring at me a gnner auner
I'm a gunee staring at me
something myof voice becoming a phone
give me gunnner a
I'm a skelleton's burnt voice
I couuld hear I friendlyy den becoming a me phone
please the onlyyy one still awake I'm tthe onnly
I'm sttill one awwaa ake
a burden stiill awake
burddeeen aaa is becomiiing voiccee
a ffriendllly mmee
ppleease giveee a phone
my oownn voiiccee
my owwn voice is oofff mee froont in
pleaaasee ggive mee a phhhhhoonnee
please a burnt skkeleton
pleassse my own vooice
I'm ssstill only the one awake
iitss iiiiiin frooonnnnttttt of my own voice
a voicee ffrienddlyy
II'm a gunner oonne
plleasse give mme a phhonee awake
I'm the only oone still a phone
please give me a gunner awake
I'm stttill one only
I'mm stiill awake
onne the o nly gunneerr
I'm a gunner
pleaase give me a phhhhhoonnee

TWO THUMBS UP
We have made amazing progress !
Our victory is complete
The election took place

In less than a week,
nine rats were killed
Civilians give us two thumbs up
We destroyed a scorpion nest
We restored freedom of making the right choice
We restored freedom of giving a straight answer
We restored freedom of getting one's fucking hut burnt down
We restored freedom of restoring torture

Civilians have made amazing progress !
All mosquitoes are dead
Their victory is complete
The Superbowl took place
They have been given two thumbs up
In less than a week,
nine civilians were killed
They have made amazing progress !
They got the opportunity to appear on the screen
They were killed on the screen
They were killed on a sparkling screen
They were killed on a sounding screen
Their victory is complete on the screen
Their victory is complete
All mosquitoes are dead

We've done a lot for these bastards
We've thrown them food
We've thrown them bombs
We've done all they wanted to take place
They got the opportunity of making the right choice
They got the opportunity of choosing the way of democracy
They got the opportunity of making the only choice worth to be made
They got the opportunity of making the only right choice
The choice of democracy
Democracy is the opportunity to get food
Democracy is the opportunity to throw bombs
Democracy is the opportunity to give the others the only right choice
In less than a war

History has made amazing progress !
In less than three centuries
All democracies are dead
Upcomers are giving us two thumbs up
The show took place
All characters in this show are fictional
All democracies in this show are fictional

All freedoms in this democracy are fictional
All fictions are fictional
I've made amazing progress
But that's just my opinion

Some of the images you will see are
Extremely graphic
Some of the sounds you will hear are
Extremely sonic
Some of the words you will read are
Extremely significant
Some of the realities you will live are
Extremely real
Some of the fictions you will deny are
Extremely fictional
Some of the truthes you will contest are
Extremely true
Some of the thoughts you will think are
Extremely thinkable
Some of the values you will give up are
Extremely valuable
Some of the bombs you will throw are
Extremely bombastic
Some of the deathes you will cause are
Extremely dead
Some of the extremities you will assume are
Extremely extreme
But there are no known enemies left intact
If you're reading it, you're not an enemy
And America is proud of you
You've made the right choice
You've made amazing progress
We give you two thumbs up
In less than a performance
We've made amazing progress

A STRAIGHT ANWSER
Do you want to marry me ?
No.
Please, give me a straight anwser.

Do you believe in God ?
No.
Don't try to avoid the question, give me a straight anwser.

Are you happy ?
No, but that's just my opinion.
Don't fuck with me, give me a straight anwser.

Do you prefer Bush or Binladen ?
God.
I will blow your fucking face off.

Do you want to marry Binladen ?
Yes
Don't fuck with me, give me a straight anwser.

Do you believe in Bush ?
Yes.
Please, give me a straight anwser.

Are you God ?
Yes.
Don't try to avoid the question, give me a straight anwser.

Do you prefer yes or no ?
Me.
I will blow your fucking face off.

Do you want to marry God ?
Me.
I will blow your fucking face off.

Do you believe in me ?
Yes.
I will blow your fucking face off.

Are you Binladen ?
Yes.
Please, give me a straight anwser.

Do you prefer food or bombs ?
Food and bombs.
You're a good boy.

STATE AMERICA
State America is not in a state of war
America is in a state of war
Is America in a state of peace

America is not in a state of peace
Is America
America is in a state of emergency of peace
America is in a state of war
America is in a state of emergent war
Is America in any state
America is not in a normal state
Is America in a normal state
Is America a normal state
Is America a state
America is not an emergent state
America is an emergency
America is not
Is peace in an emergent state
Is peace a state
Is emergency not a peace
Is state a state
Is an emergent state a state
Is peace a state of war
Peace is not an emergency of peace
Peace is
Peace is not
State is not war Peace is
Peace is America
America is an America
America is an America of
An America of emergency
An America of normal state
An America of war
America is a war
America is not
Is America
Of state Of normal Of peace Of war
Of America

LA FICTION SANS LE GRAS

café sans caféine
crème sans gras
sang sans sang sans sans
bière sans alcool
le sexe sans les peaux
politique sans polis
guerre sans morts
l'autre sans altérité
réel sans réalité

la guerre sans le gras
l'autre sans réalité
politique sans peaux
sans peaux sexe
sans morts guerre
le gras sans le réel
la fiction sans le gras
le gras sans gras
la guerre sans peaux
réel sans guerre sans peaux sans morts sans réel
peaux gras peaux sans gras peaux gras
cent morts sans suaires
sans guerre sensuelle
guerres sans drapeau
sans drap sans sexe sans peaux
suer sans les peaux
la guerre sans suer
réel sué sans suaire
mort peaux corps sans
le réel sans repos
voix sans réel corps
sang réel sans voix
corps sans la voix
voix sang voix
voix sang souffle voix
sans souffle le corps
sang sans corps souffle
corps sans corps
réel sans suaire
le désert sans eaux
la réalité sans ossuaire sang repos
passés le sang la voix
sans passé cent pas sans désert
la fiction sans les pas sans les peaux
sans le sang passé

FAIM
Les jeunes Marines rient, quand ils rentrent/roulent à travers l'Irak.

La première explosion les aura fait taire.

Ils pensent, c'est cool,
ils pensent, putain allons-y,
putain
ils pensent putain.

Bientôt, ce sont les râles
les agonies
qui font leur entrée.
On pourrait entendre
Que putain quel bain de sang
Que le sang putain gicle
Comme d'une seringue.

Ce n'est que deux heures plus tard qu'on sait si on a encore son pied.

Leur mission consiste à sécuriser deux ponts stratégiques sur une route qui traverse Nasiriyah, une ville au sud de Bagdad. Dès que les Marines ont traversé le pont situé au sud, ça commence à chauffer.

Les Marines s'entendent hurler
Bougez-vous, putain !

Les Marines s'entendent hurler
Allez, allez, allez !

Certains croient d'abord que leur corps a été soufflé.
Ils ne sentent plus rien.

Et, alors que des Marines se dressent à travers la trappe de leur char afin de faire feu sur les Irakiens, d'autres Marines tentent d'endiguer le sang qui se répand hors des corps des blessés.

Ceux qui sont vivants font part de leur étonnement.

Mais où est resté leur bras ? Mais où tombent les obus ?

Les Marines ont le réflexe de remettre en place leurs entrailles quand elles se sont déversées dans la poussière. Presque morts, déjà vidés, ils veulent demeurer entiers. C'est l'hygiène. L'hygiène de Soi.

Quand Ray a commencé sa course, une explosion s'est produite en face de lui. Il a été projeté en l'air. Quand il est retombé, du sang s'écoulait de son crâne. Il est parvenu à se relever. Tout de même. Et à se hisser sur le camion qui flambait à l'arrière. Et qui s'est brisé dans un fossé quelques centaines
de mètres plus loin.

Des quantités minimales

douche

douche
douche

Sans une Pas de réelle el pas de réel soixante jours
réelle douche
Pas de jours
réels
Soixante réelles douches sans un
Seul jour réel
Vapeur brûlante. Surveille ton
surveille.

Désert
Sans sommeil en
Quantité minimales

Le Marine va pisser ; il fait encore nuit.
Le Marine va tringler ; on le voit tout fringuant.

Dans les chars, il fait noir.
Mais la communication entre les Marines est importante.

Dans sa tente, on est seul.

Pourtant la propreté est le challenge quotidien du Marine.
Echanger, aussi, est vital autant qu'impossible dans le désert.

Tandis que consommer, par exemple s'offrir un sous-vêtement de marque dans la boutique du camp, vous remonte un Marine.
Mais le Marine s'informe des événements qui ont lieu au pays : la grêle a brisé des vitrines dans quelques stations de la côte.
Les Marines trouvent la guerre monotone. Ils attendent qu'il se passe quelque chose. Mais le Pentagone investigue.

Le nombre de Marines tués par des feux américains durant la bataille demeure incertain.
Tandis que le Pentagone investigue.

Les diverses initiatives visant à distribuer des steaks au front ne sont pas commentées, ni par les autorités, ni sur internet.

Les Marines ont le mal du pays.
Pourtant le Pentagone investigue.

Le Pentagone est si proche de la victoire

Les Marines sont mitraillés au hasard. Leur réplique est d'une telle force insurpassable qu'ils stoppent leurs agresseurs. Les Marines appellent ça discipliner les Hajis.
Les Marines ne s'en font pas. C'est juste leur artillerie toute proche.
Ils s'offrent l'un à l'autre des sourires grinçants amusés.
Les femmes, d'ailleurs, sont toujours les plus féroces. Vous prenez une salope noire sudiste, ou bien vous prenez une blanche salope riche de Beverly Hills, elles sont toujours à pleurnicher après vous.
Putain.

Le silence est brisé par un son inhabituel, par une série de DZING haut perchés.
L'un, c'est Colbert, gueule que toi, l'homme, tu sortes de ton véhicule.
Tous s'extirpent du humvee et se mettent à couvert derrière des tas. C'est un putain de ZPU.
Putain. Personne ne sait où il peut bien se trouver putain.
C'est cool, dit l'un, je crois qu'jle vois sergent. Le team de Marines le mitraille méthodiquement.
Le feu cesse qui vient du ZPU.
Je sais putain qu'ça peut sonner bizarre. Dit l'un.
Très profond, à l'intérieur, je veux savoir ce que ça fait d'être flingué, l'un dit.
Je suis plus nerveux en matant un match chez moi à la télévision, tandis qu'ici dans ce putain de bordel, confie Patrick…
Patrick voit un Irakien à plus de cent mètres.
Patrick tire, un seul coup.
L'homme tombe : c'est le deuxième tir embusqué de Patrick en irak. Patrick surnomme son arme Lila, ou petit ange. Comme sa mioche. Patrick est capable de décrire en détails tout coulant de sang chacun des massacres auxquels il participe.
Ce pays est sale et pourri. Plus vite les Marines se seront tirés d'ici, mieux ça sra. Putain.
Putain de suceur. Les Marines maintenant se trouvent sur une travée qui pourrait être une autoroute allemande, car c'est long, putain, c'est une structure gracieusement concrète.
Les premières tueries viennent juste après le soir. Les alertes éclatent. L'un ordonne, putain, d'éclairer vite ce truc-là. D'après le règlement, un véhicule qui ne s'arrête pas au carrefour d'une rue doit être déclaré hostile. Tous ses occupants sont justiciables d'un tir.
Toute la patrouille de Marine ouvre le feu. Le camion poursuit sa route en beuglant. La tête du chauffeur vient d'être éclatée à ras du tronc. Le camion dérape. Le camion stoppe.
Trois hommes sautent hors de la cabine. Ils n'ont pas d'arme. Espera, en position accroupie, avec son M4, tire.
P----AU_____SE
Patrick crie aux autres Marines que, putain, toute cette fusillade m'a donné faim.

La voix ne s'est pas tue.

That breathing voice tells me

La balle a traversé le cou de droite à gauche

Broyant la trachée

Horizontalement

blood
Blood without
blod
without
without
bier without
alcohol

That voice says, I can hear your voice.

L'air

L'air

The air

L'air

L'air maintenant siffle en sortant par les plaies.

Il n'y a pas de silence de mort

War without death
Politics without Polis

Quand on extrait des choses rouges…

Cream

broyées...

La voix dit, je te viens.

La voix me dit, nous sommes corps à corps.
Des mélanges de chairs et de boue.
La voix me dit, ce sont les nôtres
Ça feule d'orifices
La voix me dit, ce sont les nôtres.
Ça déflagre d'os
Bombs !
De la pince où ils pendent

Bouffe !

=====
===
========== >>

La voix me dit que tu veux voir.
Des yeux au bout qui finiraient par une exigence

Le gras sans

Bombs !

That voice says, I can see you

The voice tells us we are grasping the other's body

It's a liquid flesh roaring
Boufffffffe !

Food !

The voice is ordering : this voice is hers.

without fat
Blood
without blood
The other
without
otherness

Politics
without skin
Without skin
SEX !
Whitout
deads
WAR !

Place à une boule rouge

de bouillie,

de caillots gras

SoufflFFFFFFF

le réel
la fiction
sans le gras
le gras sans gras
la guerre
sans peaux
réel sans guerre sans peaux sans morts sans réel
peaux gras
peaux sans gras peaux gras
cent morts
sans suaires

La voix me dit qu'elle nous suit

Souffle
Souffle !
Souffle !
Bouffe

It smells like a corpse

Food !
Breath !

That voice dictates to me

The voice says, I'm following you
The voice says, our bodies are bounded together

Souffle
Souffle

Souffle
Souffle
Souffle
Souffle
Food !

Without a sensual war
Wars without flags

sans drap sans sexe
sans peaux
suer sans les peaux
la guerre sans suer
réel sué sans suaire
mort peaux corps
sans
le réel sans repos

what your
intimacy is
whispering

That voice
whispers to
me, break into
their intimacies
Breath
Breath
Breath
Breath
That voice !
Your voice !

voix sans
réel corps
sang réel
sans voix
corps sans la
voix
voix sang
voix

Voice without
a real body
Without the
real
Without a
voice
Without
blood
BREATH
Without
Without

mâchoires serrent
mâchoires serrent
mâchoires
Serrent
Membres
Membres
D'autres membres
Membres fouillent
Fouillent
la terre fouillent
Mâchoires serrent

We
Only
we
you

Nous

Serrent

Souffle
Souffle
Souffle

Voice

Souffle
Food !

Without

Without

Blood

Breath

Body

Desert

Ils n'ont plus de visage.
Nous avons fait d'incroyables progrès
Seuls les tendons
Les rattachent encore aux rangers
Sur le brancard, les deux jambes sectionnées lèvent

Without

Do you want to marry me ?

You ?

fiction
See ? Hu ?
See what could
Concern
You
See you in my voice

Ils sont morts à l'écran

Oh yeah, did you see ?

Leurs moignons

You ?

La voix me souffle

La voix me dit

Democracy is the answer

Ils ont été cloués sur place

nine rats were killed

Civilians give us two thumbs up

Two thumbs up !

Le choix de la démocratie

We destroyed a scorpion nest

Please don't avoid the question

Essoufflés
Crachant

We restored freedom of

		freedom of making the right choice	
	Perds !		
Perdez tout !			
Nos yeux rouges, la bouche écumante	Essoufflés crachant nos yeux rouges		
	café		
	corps		
	combat		
	caféine		
	coke		
	cadence		
	cadavre		
	condoms		Coffee
	cave		Corpse
café	canonnade		Coke
corps	quantité		Condoms
combat	claque		Cry
caféine	corps		Cottage
coke	cri		LIKE A DOLL
cadence			***Camp***
cadavre		No no no	***Come back***
condoms			***Come back***
cave			***Daddy***
canonnade			***Fuck you dad***
quantité			***Keep diying***
claque			SUCKER !
corps			
cri			
		But that's just my opinion	
Dans l'espace			

Devenu trop grand
pour eux

Je les entendrais
encore

Deux petits
poumons

Qui flottent

We have done
everything

In less than a
week nine rats
were killed

We've thrown
them food
We've thrown
them bombs
We've done a
lot for these
bastards

Secoués,
la toux
rauque
saccadés
Je vivrais mille ans nos poumons
brûlés
La voix me dit que toussant
tu nous vois cellules
Corps sans voix irritées
Voix sans suaire nous
Suaire sans face pleurant
peaux pelées

Tout

Keep
breathing
Keep
breathing

Look without a
face-to-face

Face-to-face

	tout		
	Tout eu		
Face sans regard	Tout		
	Tout		
	Tout		
	Tout		
	Tout		
	Tout		
	Tout		
	Tout	Without a real	
	Tout	The real without	
	Tout		fat
	Tout		
			We are the voice
	Tout		
	Tout		
Tout été	Tout		
			Coffee without Caffeine
		Breath	
			We have made amazing progress
Dieu tu vois clair en nous	La voix me dicte		
Que c'est toi qui t'es tu			**In less than a war, the victory is complete**

camp victory_maquette v5 17.11.2005 14:02 Page 47

camp victory_maquette v5 17.11.2005 14:02 Page 48